

THE PUBLISHER OF THE ETUDE CAN SUPPLY ANYTHING IN MUSIC.

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The pianoforte is the most useful of all instruments. It can discourse gloriously as a solo organ or it can efface itself and make a fitting background for the solo voice. People who play the piano have an erroneous notion that they can accompany the voice as a matter of course; in fact, the average pianist is inclined to think that accompaniment playing is a subordinate art beneath his dignity. Never was there a greater mistake. The accompanist must do all, or nearly all, that the soloist does, besides making himself a concerted musician, a fitting part of a composite art-product. You all know that Schumann advised every pianist to seek the opportunity to play for singers, and Chopin told his pupils that if they would play the piano, they should go to hear Malibran sing.

Your first business is to support, not drown, the voice, and to do this two things are prime requisites: First, define the bass firmly and rather loudly; second, play the repeated chords and all the filling-in with soft distinctness. In addition to this, remember to give the singer enough leeway to make the phrasing free, but not enough to give him lawless liberty, making him feel all the time the gentle, tugging pressure like a rubber band, and warning of some spirit metronome, monitor, and arbiter of the rhythm.

The other day I was talking to a lady about the fierce struggle and competition of modern life in the race for mere subsistence. She told me of a remark that her brother had made about men who slave at the desk and amass a competence only when so old that they are too old to enjoy it. "What is the use of crawling up hill to look five minutes at a sunset?" The expression struck me as both philosophic and poetic. Let us apply it to music life.

Does not every one of you dream of screwing up courage to the sticking-point of martyrdom and enduring five hours a day of horrible, dreary drudgery for five years in hopes to have the intoxicating pleasure of making a thrilling public performance? Foolish, foolish! silly, silly! Why will you lose the happy hours that shine upon us while you burrow like the mole in darkness? Take your music as you go; the road is long and dry, and dusty and hard; but in many a corner of the wayside fence bright flowers are growing.

Think well of yourself, but think better of your art. Allow none to despise you,—a frivolous, vain, or shallow-

pated fellow,—but force people to respect you because you respect yourself. Cultivate a reasonable degree of reserve just less than hantem. Be not a simpering, sighing, overscented dude with the girls, a sweet, mawkish pawpaw of rapid sentiment; neither be "half-fellow-well-met" with the boys. As Cardinal Richelieu, in Bulwer's play, drew round Julie with a sword the mystic circle of the protection of the church, so draw round your art the magic circle of a holy reverence.

No teacher, however broadly cultivated and widely read, can afford to be without one or two magazines devoted to the interests of music; and where it is any way possible to take more than one, so much the less danger of that teacher's falling a parasite to the ideas of one editor, and so falling short of the elastic and wide-angled opinions that come only from comparative reading. The necessity for liberal reading of this stamp is not that the teacher may talk glibly and volubly of the events and doings in the musical world, and so gloss over a probable leaning toward superficiality with a show of much wisdom, but rather he owes it to himself and his pupils to have a thorough appreciation of what is being done for the advancement of his art, whether or not he finds it to the profit of his pride or his purse to point it all forth on every occasion. One of the deepest and most disastrous traits in all the career of a teacher is this falling into that state of careless lassitude one inevitably gets tangled up with from the lack of the stimulation that ought to grow out of familiarity with the new ideas and new methods that always bob up and come to light at first hand in the musical journals. Intelligent and discriminative reading of musical periodicals ought to be a sore goad to lagging or flinching ambition in any teacher or pupil, whoever or whatever he be.

MUCH may often be accomplished, in the matter of holding up a high standard of musical taste and of insuring its spread in the smaller towns where such an artificial criterion is so much a necessity, by reasonable and suitable discussions on musical matters in the local and national press; oftentimes in no better way can this vital matter be attended to. Where smaller newspapers can not be depended upon, where no member of the party a critic of their own, or where no member of the editorial staff has knowledge or liking enough for it to do little short of being the very life of its community, so far as music was concerned.

Here is another chance for a bright teacher to distinguish him- or herself in ways other than the dry and overworked routine of teaching.

The people of the musical world are not different from the rest of mankind. There is the same proportion of those who tower above their fellows by force of natural leaders who tower above their fellows by force of natural leaders who tower above their fellows by force of natural endowment and systematic training, of ambitions, self-

fish, striving men and women, talented as well as the less gifted, the same great rank and file of the average man who must force his way upward by dint of hard work and courageous persistence. It takes grit to rise in the musical profession, just as in the commercial world.

THERE is an idea that is often met with in general society that all the great men in music had nothing but discouragement, want, and privation in their early lives, and some even go so far, in appearance at least, as to suggest that it is a good thing for artistic genius to be thus tried in the balance. It may be so, but can a man go through the bitter experience that many of the masters in music did endure and emerge triumphant, in the full light of success, with the same easy serenity of temper, unimpaired digestion, healthy physical condition, nerves able to endure anything, as that which marks the average man who has never wrestled with the severest problems life has ever presented? An artist needs enough to eat, to drink, and to wear, just as much as the ordinary man. Mozart, Beethoven, and Wagner gained success not because of obstacles, but in spite of them.

COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT said lately, among many good things: "I would try to develop and work out an ideal of mine—a theory of the duty of the leisure class to the community. He who has means owes his first duty to the State. I would preach the doctrine of work to all, and to the man of wealth a doctrine of benevolence."

Many wealthy men in this country have acted to some extent upon this idea, but comparatively a few have taken up the musical world as a field in which to labor for the benefit of the community.

Men of means must furnish the general public the opportunity of hearing good music, and plenty of it; seeing the finest works of art, and that often, of building the politer styles of architecture—these and other factors which uplift the race are possible to men of wealth. The man who has gained the conception of true art will not rest content with cheap, tawdry, high-colored, chrome-lithographs, the man who has heard much good music will not listen with his understanding to the strains of the fad of the day, whether it be "rag time," or insane, so-called popular melodies, nor will the man who has become familiar with the best models of architecture content himself with a slight advance on the primitive level or the hideously plain four walls and a roof of the rural community of a few years ago. The American public is of fine enough caliber to appreciate the artistic if it is brought to them, and upon the people of means, of culture, and of cosmopolitan training rests the obligation of giving to their fellows the best in all that improves the taste and the understanding.

VERY few teachers of any prominence in our large cities have been spared the chagrin of seeing some talented pupils with whom they have faithfully labored and to whom they have imparted a solid, enduring foundation of good musicianship, go abroad to some teacher who has become the rage, study one year,—which, with interruptions, vacations, etc., sometimes means, after all, a small number of lessons,—and then return with a trunk covered with foreign labels and themselves with a still larger one—"Pupil of —." No reference is made to the faithful work of, may be, seven, eight, or more years of the first teacher. He is ignored. But these fad-gelings

THOUGHTS SUGGESTIONS ADVICE

Practical Points by Eminent Teachers

"THAT LITTLE THING."

MADAME A. PUPIN.

To play a piece with perfect finish and without apparent effort leads an ignorant person to think that the piece is easy. Mrs. A. came to one of my "Musical At-homes," and after the program was finished she said, "Now I want you to play 'that little thing' that I like so much." "What do you mean?" "Oh, I do u't know the name of it, but it's a little thing that goes so." When I discovered that she meant the Romanza from Chopin's "First Concerto," I was so indignant that I refused to play another note.

"That little thing" that the 'cellist tossed off with such ease and grace doubtless represented hours of careful practice.

I gave a recital in a small town, and after it was over the local piano-tuner, who was an excellent judge of music, walked home with the local pianist, whose reputation rested on the fact that he could play Liszt's "Second Rhapsodie" with the one-third of the notes right, one-third wrong, and the other third left out. Said the tuner, enthusiastically, "How did you like her playing?" "Oh, she played very well, but she played such easy things."

It is said that Joseffy was one evening in company with a few other pianists, when the conversation turned on a certain piece, which Joseffy said was a difficult piece. "Why, I call that an easy piece," said Mr. C., one of the pianists. "No," said Joseffy, "it is a difficult piece." "I do n't see how you can call that difficult. I call it easy." "Play it," said Joseffy. Mr. C. sat down to the piano and played it. "Oh, play it like that is not difficult," was Joseffy's only remark.

When Nilsson sang "Old Folks at Home," it was a revelation to many persons how much the perfection of her art could add to the beauty of a simple song.

Nearly all the great pianists that have visited us have revealed their art in their *genre* pieces.

And "that little thing," Boccherini's "Minuet," under Thomas' hand, has charmed the whole United States.

IT PAYS.

FRANK L. EYER.

1. IT PAYS TO INSIST ON GOOD WORK.

Given an opportunity, the average pupil is going to take advantage of you. Never give that opportunity. Insist on good work from the very start. Insist on having every little point as correct as it is possible for the pupil to make it. Insist on regularity of lessons, regularity of practice hours, and excellence of work, and you will save yourself and pupil time and trouble. Never think you can let this off, that little mistake pass. Without calling the pupil's attention to it. One stick dropped or one thread broken leaves a flaw in the web, and that means weakness. The higher your standard, the better your work; and it requires a high standard to produce only fair work.

2. IT PAYS TO BE CROSS WITH SOME PUPILS.

Some children must be made to mind. As a teacher, you must be able to recognize that temperament in a child when you meet it. A pupil must be made to feel that he dare not come before you with anything but a well-prepared lesson. Whether that knowledge is to be inspired in him through love, respect, or fear, it is your duty to discover; and there are instances, we believe, where fear is the only remedy. You may talk, and preach, and urge some pupils continually, and still reach no good results; but if you will be cross and scold, a change for the better is at once apparent.

3. IF IT PAYS TO HUMOR SOME PUPILS.

A little sugar on a pill makes it much easier to swallow. A pupil took but little interest in her work; did not like classical music. At her request she was given a two-step—not a trasy one, but one so good as could be found. Interest was instantly secured; and carefully and slowly the teacher built up from that foundation thus secured, and eventually she became one of his best pupils. Your high standard is all right, but the pupil may not be up enough in musical lore to see things as you do. Step down to his level, humor him a little, and then lead him up a step higher.

TEACHING CHILDREN.

PERLEE V. JERVIS.

To be successful teachers of children we must present things to them from their point of view. I am afraid that we do not always realize this, and often think a young pupil stupid, when, in reality, we are the stupid ones.

I was deeply impressed with this fact recently. I had been showing my little girl some pictures, one of which represented a barn, into which a boy was driving some cattle. I said, "The boy is going into the barn to feed the cows their supper." "No, he isn't," said my little girl. "Why not?" I asked. "Because he is bigger than the barn, and how can he get in such a little door?" The boy was in the foreground, the barn in the background, and as the child had no idea of perspective she could not understand how such a big boy could get through such a small door.

In teaching do we not often make the mistake of wondering why a child can not understand some idea of wonder to us seems simplicity itself, when we are making a complicated problem of it by trying to make her see it with our eyes instead of her own?

BE PLEASANT.

CARL W. GRIMM.

PEOPLE always see the world through the spectacles of feeling, and it appears dark or rose-colored according to the bias of the glass through which they look. Yet a music teacher is expected never to be influenced by his feelings when he teaches, but to continually call up his cheerful face, no matter how "wrong" things do go at times. It is true that if you would keep the wrinkles out of your face you must keep sunshine in your heart. Go forth with a smile on your face, and you will return believing that most people are good-natured. Wear a frown, and you will find plenty of quarrelsome people. It would be wise for pupils to remember the above also, and act accordingly. Meet your teacher with a smile and pleasant manners; it will dispel many an ill-humor that may have taken possession of him. Being treated agreeably, he will naturally become communicative, which will be your immediate gain. When he points out your faults, do not act as if offended, but receive his corrections good-naturedly. If teacher and pupil would always try to be as pleasant to each other as possible, every lesson would be but a series of most delightful minutes.

THE TRANSPICUOUS SPIES.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

If you are going to spend your whole life in teaching children five-finger exercises upon the piano, you will

probably never need to read the C-clef notation; if you aim at any of the higher reaches of music, you will certainly, sooner or later, have something to do with it. When one remembers that the viola, the alto trombone, and many alto vocalists and songs with orchestral score are notated in the alto clef, the tenor trombone, the higher passages of violoncello music, and many vocalists in the tenor clef, many passages of contrapuntal music and arias in the soprano clef, then one can readily see that it is folly to attempt, to shrink the duty of learning these transposing clefs. Not the simplest string quartet score can be read without this knowledge, and an orchestral score must forever remain a sealed book without it. The study helps in its different positions becomes an adept at the important art of transposition.

It is surprising how soon the knack of reading this notation is acquired. Transposition studies in soprano, alto, and sharp tenor clefs should form an early part of the education of him who aims at achieving the title of "musician."

EXAGGERATED EXPRESSION.

DR. ROBERT GOLDBECK.

The selection of piano solo numbers in our concerts and recitals is, on the whole, rather limited, or, at least, there are certain great compositions by Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, and a few others which we meet again and again upon the programs everywhere in musical communities. It is not unusual, perhaps, that artists should strain every nerve to lend to these old stand-bys novelty of interest by seeking new and more striking ways of interpretation. There is, in reality, no absolute limit in this respect, even on the most legitimate lines, since flawless perfection has never been, and never will be, attained. But this is only a better reason why the artist should avoid excessively strained expression or chaotic rapidity, indulged in more for the sake of sensational effect than the satisfaction of inner, unquenchable passion. Exaggeration of expression becomes particularly irksome when applied to passages which are ordinary enough and would produce good effect in their place if sensibly played, while they become ridiculous when an attempt is made to invest them with a deep musical meaning which they do not possess. Truly, it is no easy task to present a composition that has been heard over and over again in a manner to interest the intelligent and experienced concert-goer anew, and still more difficult to enthrall him; but it can be more readily done, I believe, by a truthful, impassioned, and beautiful interpretation than by a distorted performance which, though novel, is apt to be grotesque and aggravating.

MAKE YOUR SCHOLARS THINK.

S. N. PENFIELD.

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, the most successful piano-teacher is the one who soonest makes his scholars independent of his services. The greatest mistake a teacher can make is to keep his pupils for many years in leading strings. To be sure, this helps in explaining the list of pupils, but it produces a class of performers who expect their thinking and criticizing to be done for them. It is a weak point of our modern system of pedagogy that every note should be fingered and every nuance of tempo and expression absolutely ordered by the teacher. The scholars thus arrive at absolute dependence on the teacher, and are lost without him.

Per contra, the real musician is one who is early taught to think, judge, and discriminate for himself. Granted that "Young America" is all too apt to think and act for himself; yet this, done under the eye and encouragement of the teacher, who is supposed to be competent to give a reason for his own rendering of any passage, leads rapidly to artistic results. And how much better to be known as the instructor of a few great artists than of a mass of machines! This prestige can be measured in dollars and cents, so that it pays businesswise.

MUSICAL ITEMS

BERLIN has 118 music schools.

FRANZ RUMMEL will teach in Berlin this winter.

A NEW opera by de Koven is announced. The title is "The Three Dragoons."

CHAMINADE's projected visit to the United States has again been postponed. Is her price too high?

A MOVEMENT has been started in Louisville, Ky., to raise a fund to support a permanent orchestra.

ACCORDING to the score of "Ladies' Home Journal," Wagner received for the score of "Lohengrin" only \$80.

ROSENTHAL is reported to have three homes—at Vienna, Ichn, and near Trieste, overlooking the Adriatic.

The late Sir Augustus Harris, the London manager, said that "Romeo and Juliet" was the best drawing opera.

A BERLIN correspondent reports a decrease in the number of American students at the Royal "Hochschule."

EDESS ALHART is being engaged as a teacher in the Leipzig Conservatory. He will begin his duties next spring.

"The piece Liszt composed after hearing a lecture by Dante," is the way a young lady described "Après une lecture de Dante."

INDIANAPOLIS is talking symphony orchestra. The laws of progress is working in many of the larger cities of the country.

DR. RICHTER, the great conductor, has been compelled to give up directing on account of rheumatism, which affects his right arm.

CLEVELAND, O., is to have a musical festival under the auspices of the choral organizations. It will celebrate the return of peace.

XAVIER SCHWARZENKA has returned to Berlin to the Schwarzen Conservatory. Richard Burmeister will be his successor in New York.

It is announced that the first representation of Paderewski's much-talked-about opera, "Stanislas," is to take place at Dresden in December.

A BOOK of reminiscences of the late Anton Seidl is to be issued shortly. Contributions will be made by a number of eminent writers and artists.

The statement is now made that it was writers' cramped fingers, and not the lack of two of his fingers.

SIR ARTHUR SALVIAN has become a member in a company to publish operatic music. Actor-managers and composer-publishers seem to be the proper thing now.

LIVERPOOL, ENG., has taken up with the idea of giving concerts in the courtyards of the poorer quarters of the city. The same experiment has been made in other English cities.

A NEW opera house in St. Petersburg, to be built under the patronage of the Czar, is to cost about four million dollars. Like the Bayreuth Theater, it will have a concealed orchestra.

The extreme Northwest is calling for a great conservatory of music, to be located either at Portland or Tacoma. A growing interest in music is evident in the Pacific Coast States.

PAULCHENET, a French composer, died several months ago. Many of his pieces for piano with violin, flute, and other similar combinations have had a large sale. He was a fine violinist.

The musicians of Canada are up in arms against a proposition to conduct examinations there under the

auspices of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music, London.

THAT the Boston Symphony Orchestra has a strong hold on the people of that city is shown by the fact that \$335 was bid for a certain seat. This, with \$12 for a season ticket, makes \$337.

An English paper announces that Dr. Stausford has nearly finished a new opera on an English subject. He is one of the few English composers whose works in grand opera have been successful.

CÉSAR THOMSON, the famous violinist, is a great advocate of the value of calisthenics and special exercises for developing the muscles used in playing, and insists on such practice by all his new pupils.

EDWARD LLOYD, the well-known English oratorio and concert tenor, who has sung in this country, announces a series of farewell concerts prior to his retirement from public work. He is fifty-three years old.

FRANZ SCHALK, the new director of the German opera in New York, was born in Vienna, 1864. He was a pupil of Hellmeberger and Bruckner. Will he introduce some of the latter's symphonies to the American public?

AN Austrian has designed a new system of musical notation in which the different notes are represented by different-shaped characters, as circles, squares, diamonds, etc. Has a stray book in the old "backstreet" or "patent-note" system reached Austria?

ACCORDING to the "Musical Standard" of London, some of the teachers in the Guildhall School of Music had quite fair success last season. Six teachers received over \$3000, five over \$3000, twelve over \$2000 for their services. These teachers also give private lessons at their own homes.

A MOVEMENT is under way in Philadelphia looking toward the establishment of a permanent orchestra and a series of concerts similar to those given by the Boston organization. Several wealthy patrons of music have offered to guarantee a considerable amount of the expense. Rumor has it that Walter Damrosch will be the conductor.

A NUMBER of talented young American violinists now studying abroad and playing in fine orchestras should be available for "concert-meister" positions in the course of several years, as well as to furnish the rank and file of strong players in our established American orchestras as well as those which may be organized in the next few years, thus escaping the domination of the ultra-German element.

The Congressional Library at Washington contains nearly two hundred thousand musical publications, nearly two hundred thousand photographs of singers and actors, before fifty thousand of interest to the profession which come under the provisions of the copyright law. A music-practicing hall is attached to the Library, in which one can play or sing such pieces as he may wish to try. In the coming days this Library will prove a useful place for research.

The following account is given of the invention of the cornet. The elder Distin received a bugle from an instrument-maker, through which, by carelessness in packing, a nail had been driven. Mr. Distin tried the instrument and found that it contained a new note—keyed bugles were unknown then. He bought an old instrument and made a number of holes in it, which he instrument and made it not want to use them. From corked up when he did the idea of the keyed bugle and piano.

SHONOR ALESSIO CORADINI, an Italian pianist, has invented a system of arranging piano-strings so that they played the tension imparted to them, or get out of tune on account of the weather. The invention affects all the strings alike, and preserves their harmonic relation to each other in such a way that, though it may be possible for the whole pitch of the pianoforte to rise or fall, it is impossible for any single note to get out of tune. The apparatus is simple, and is said to be applicable to all kinds of pianos.

DEVELOPING THE MUSICAL FACULTIES.

In a public address Mr. W. H. Cummings, principal of the great Guildhall School of Music, in London, said that he was quite sure that music, properly cultivated and properly pursued, would greatly conduce to the sharpening and advancement of all the faculties which were brought into play in the sound education of children. Music must not be regarded as a taskmaster and followed as a slave. He did not believe in enormous practice; he thought people went the wrong way to work who practiced eleven hours a day. It was not the mere time they gave to the cultivation of the art, but it was the amount of real earnest study which was of value. One hour of conscientious practice was better than eleven of desultory trifling. And so he would say, "Do not regard music as an amusement merely; you have been learning it not only for your own edification, but for the solace of your relatives and friends."

Music, when rightly pursued, was a most delightful solace. People could take it up when they were sad or merry; it heightened their joy and soothed their grief. They could not all be great musicians, but children were born with the musical faculty as much as with pairs of eyes and legs; but if the faculty was neglected until late in life, it was not surprising to find people with no education in music may (though unfortunately, no doubt) that they did not know the difference between "Tom the Tinker" and "God Save the Queen." If children were not taught to make good use of the faculties which God had given them, it was not a very wonderful thing that these same faculties, instead of improving, should become almost non-existent.

Further, all might become excellent and self-determining leaders, and distinguish what was good and what was worthless. No one can tell whether a child might not turn out a Mozart, a Paderewski, an Altmann, a Sims Reeves, or what not, unless his faculties were cultivated; and it was the duty of parents to give their children the highest possible education through good instruction, remembering that nothing was of any value unless it was studied with a really earnest purpose.—*L. S. M. Journal.*

NEVER-SAY-NO CLUBS.

A NEW idea in musical clubs—at least it seems new to us—has been started in Chicago. It is a movement which we hope will spread. It is the "Never-say-no" Musical Club, and the name suggests the first and foremost condition of membership. To become a member the music student or lover of music must renounce the luxury of what is known as being "coaxed." He or she must rise up promptly on being invited to play or sing, and do the best possible to entertain the assembled members. There can be no shirking from duty and no bashful hiding back from the display of talents, great or small. The well-worn "had cold" will not serve for an excuse and the pianist who has "forgotten my music" or who "can't play without notes" is not all-gible for membership.

There are few things so painful as the young person who, after several seasons of money have been put into piano and singing lessons, persists in refusing to "perform in public." The trouble is not that the teaching has been less than that talent is wholly lacking. It is that backwardness or that want of nerve from want of practice—of playing or singing "before people"—and it often hides the light of real ability. It likewise often puts to slight shame fond parents who would like to prove the swiftness of their children and whose indulgent pride is ready to go to any sacrifice to that end.

Therefore, we say, Success in the "Never-say-no" musical club! May they multiply until every hamlet and town has one in which all the players and singers who really can play or sing—first and foremost and encourage them to do so. A brief disciplining in the "Never-say-no" club may change the worst of things in social life and place some where now are gossip and inanity, all because some one wants to be "coaxed."—*Private.*

Studio Experiences.

KNOWLEDGE AS MERCHANDISE.

FRED. A. FRANKLIN.

SOME people think that they can buy musical knowledge in much the same way that they buy a pound of beefsteak or a yard of calico, and that if the teacher does his duty no effort on their part is necessary. It is hard to make such people understand that the teacher is merely a guide-post to keep them in the right road, and that nine-tenths of the work must be done by the pupil. One day, when I was amusing myself between lessons by playing over one of Chopin's sweetest nocturnes, a swarthy representative of the Semitic race entered my studio. He listened attentively for quite a while, and when I had stopped, said, "Say, Mister Professor, how much you charge to learn me to play like dot?"

I tried to explain that while I would like to give him lessons, I could not guarantee that he would learn to play, as it would depend entirely on the amount of talent he possessed, and on his own efforts. But he did not seem to comprehend, for he drew a ten-dollar bill from his pocket and held it out toward me, saying, "Here, I give you dot if you learn me to play."

THE PUPIL OF PRudence.

CHARLES W. LANDON.

THERE is a certain class of pupils, mostly found among adults or young teachers, who are taking a special course, and are nervously afraid that the teacher will find out how little they really know. These pupils hardly allow that you ever give them anything of worth during the lesson; seem to be, as it were, on the defensive; trying to take it all in fully, and yet to appear to the teacher as if that was an old idea that they had known for many a year. Pupils belonging to this class are extremely hard to teach. Whatever is presented has to be put point foremost and with great force of effort and will. Their false attitude—and it is so transparent—stands greatly in the way of improvement. There is nothing inspiring to a teacher in their manner. It takes two who are working together to make master and pupil. There is as much in the pupil's drawing out of the teacher as there is in the teacher's forcing ideas into his pupil.

THE PUPIL OF EARNESTNESS.

There are pupils for whom the teacher can do more in one lesson than with others in a whole term. Those who belong to this class are eager to learn. They ask well-put questions. They never meet that bugbear, "the pupil's worst foe, INATTENTION," for they wait upon every word that the teacher speaks; stop to think it over, in order to get it into working form for immediate as well as future use. They listen so intelligently that they can sit at once exemplify at the instrument any point given for their playing and their eagerness to learn enables them to control all playing members of their person at once. They meet the teacher with a bright smile of gladness, because they know that they have a lesson well learned. They receive a hearty welcome because they are a delight to their teacher.

VANITY FAIR.

MARY ELIZABETH LUIGER.

FOR various reasons Miss Ethel's musical education had been most woefully neglected until she had attained the age of seventeen years, when her father purchased a new piano and she decided to learn to play it. Miss Ethel herself was as fair and flustering as the dainty yellow butterfly that flits from flower to flower. She loved the matinee, adorned, dandied, and expiring on bonbons.

The first time I saw her spread her tapering fingers over the piano keys an invisible smile rippled over my brain, for her nails were manicured in the most extreme fashion, and presented about as ludicrous a spectacle on the ivory as would stills in a hall-room.

"Music is the most exalting of all arts," I said, by way of prologue. "It demands many sacrifices from its

students—time, money, labor. One seldom sees a pianist with a beautiful hand. Much practice makes the hand stubby and knobby; and nails—the less one has, the better. You will have to offer up your pretty ones the first thing you do."

"Do you mean that I must cut them?" she asked in a surprised tone.

"Certainly," I replied. "See, they should be as short as this," and I showed her my own blunted fingertips. "The nail should be no longer than the finger; if it is, you can not get a round tone."

By way of demonstration I asked her to play a note with her finger curved in the proper position, and, of course, the usual sliding catastrophe resulted.

"Well, I'll cut them before my next lesson," she at last consented; "but I know they'll feel horrible." That she counted it a great sacrifice was evident by the expression on her face.

It required many versions of my first little lecture to abbreviate those nails. Each time she would play, the little tail-like click would announce how grudgingly she was conforming to my doctrine. But it was accomplished at last; gradually they grew less prominent, and one day several weeks later, when she came for her lesson, I noticed that the last vestige of offending epidermis had vanished—her sacrifice was consummated.

CARELESSNESS.

CHARLES C. DRAA.

"Oh, that careless pupil!" "My! that girl will kill me, she is so careless!" Do we ever stop to think, when hearing these remarks, that many pupils might truly have the same opinion regarding their teacher? Not because the teacher is not educated,—no, not that,—but that he, too, is actually careless.

The fact that music is to be played loud or soft, or to be pedaled to meet here or there, is not all that is to be learned. Why are pupils permitted to play in this style? because the printed sheets are so marked? A queer way is this! Is there not some meaning—an emotional content—contained within every line of music? Tell that pupil why this and that should be so, and try to awaken an interest in the language of music; then pupils will soon feel and understand what they are playing.

If the fault just cited were merely confined to the youthful performers, we might not be so serious, but hope that they might soon improve in their ways through coming in contact with more advanced players; but it is not alone confined to the young player. I find even many advanced players lacking in real musical understanding and in clear knowledge of the musical terms and abbreviations found in all well-edited music.

Let us think more seriously of the musical understanding of our pupils; note-reading is not sufficient, neither is a "pleasing style." If we wish our pupils to play with understanding and desire to bring them to the front as musicians, we must tell them more "why," more about the emotional content of music; give them a clear understanding of the terms and abbreviations found in each lesson,—then we will have much less cause to remark about "that careless pupil."

TIME SPENT IN PRACTICE.

FANNY GRANT.

WHEN very young, it was the writer's experience to meet various sorts of students among her friends. The fact seemed very interesting that one girl practiced two hours a day, another four, and one young lady—a teacher—had practiced six hours a day, and was the dullest and most stupid of players. To the young mind it seemed so admirable to have spent two, four, six hours a day at the piano.

It was the length of time spent, far more than its result, that commanded respect, for not one of these young people ever came to very much as musicians in general or performers on the piano in particular.

If a scholar has to be coerced into a scholar, is there something wrong. The only right sort of a scholar in music is one that has to be held back and kept from overwork from his own love of music.

It is important to have the lesson well learned, of course; but when there is in the scholar the impulse

leading him or her to go over a piece numberless times, until its execution is like a flawless diamond, we have the true art instinct. In learning to dance, to "speak a piece," even to perfect one's self in any given thing, all this is taken as a matter of course; but in music we continue to hear of the two, four, six hours a day spent at the piano.

The time spent at the piano is by no means a criterion by which to judge of the good work done by a pupil.

Regular practice? Grind? Hard work? It is a question if the really interested student in any branch ever thinks of his efforts just in this light. He or she works *con amore*.

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE AS A SCOLD.

HELENA M. MAGUIRE.

ON entering the worthy profession of music teacher I took unto myself a favorite adage of my grandfather's, "You can catch more flies with honey than with sugar."

The honey worked very well, indeed, but there is always a first time, and it came for me; my honey failed. I had met with a "difficult subject." All my hitherto successful methods for combating laziness, carelessness, etc., met with but lightly veiled insolence, and fell flat.

It was clear, at last, that something sharper than honey was necessary, and while I was still hesitating before breaking the calm of an existence such as a scolding teacher can never know, I received a call from my "subject's" aunt, begging me "to scold her, as that was the only way of managing her."

Poor child! Her moral training had been such as to make any appeal short of gross vituperation fill impressions upon her callous little being.

So a scolding it had to be, and on a fair and gentle day, with the sun falling in pure white benediction upon our heads as we sat together at the close of a duet, I lifted up my voice and scolded!

I suppose the instinct of a virago is in every woman, even the gentlest. Much as I had dreaded it, once started I found myself doing very well. I quite warmed up to my work, and poured forth such a volley of indignant wrath as would have done credit to Mrs. Poyser herself.

And the result? Magical!

It was, indeed, the only way to "manage her," and it worked so well that after the closing recital my family were so much surprised: "Why, your 'subject' played very nicely!"

Having once acquired the art of scolding, I find its value enhanced by being kept in reserve for very special occasions.

A MISSION.

KATHERINE LOUISE SMITH.

SHE was a young girl of sixteen and anxious to take lessons. She lived in the country, and by dint of much saving and struggling the family had succeeded in purchasing an "instrument." The young girl would ride five miles to take her lessons, and struggled and worked with poor hands that were used to tell of every description. One could not help but admire her and feel sympathy for her endeavors. It seemed to me such persistence surely would meet a reward. Regularly through rain and shine she came to her lesson, and I could not but feel that the other pupils who wasted their time had little realization of this brave soul.

Then came the time when she had a few scholars in the country, and drove miles to give lessons at fifty cents a lesson, but she was always cheerful and determined to succeed. I tried to keep track of her, but she gradually drifted away from me.

Finally, years after, I met some one who knew her, and I asked what had become of her. "Oh," was the reply, "Mary is married. She has several children, lives on a farm, works from morning until night, and music is the last thing that agitates her now."

I wondered what it all meant—why she struggled; why she was for a moment lifted above the sodden, dull mass of humanity; and I asked my friend.

"I do not know," was the reply, "but she is sacrificing herself now to educate her children." And I felt the solution of the problem may have lain in that.

INFLUENCE OF BEETHOVEN'S DEAFNESS ON HIS MUSIC.

BY H. E. KREHBIHL.

FOR nearly a century the world has tried to solve the riddle propounded by an inscrutable Providence when it permitted Beethoven to become deaf. Among the objects in the Beethoven Museum at Bonn are the most forms of things unknown. It is a pure expression of the will, the most individual, the most lawless of the arts, and the one most subject to change. Its very existence is transient and contingent upon the recurrent and harmonious cooperation of three factors: creator, interpreter, and hearer.

Unperformed music is nothing, and with each act of performance there goes a new act of creation. The activities—physical, intellectual, and emotional—which the three factors must exercise if music is to be at all, must touch hands; yet they can not be identical. What is cause in the first case, is purpose in the second and effect in the third. Creation does not stop with the composer as it does with the painter, sculptor, or architect; it is carried over to the interpreter whose work is not exposition merely, but re-creation. It is this fact which entitles the instrumental performer to the name of artist. He can not bring the creation of the composer to the apprehension of the hearer without blending with it something of himself. Upon the hearer, finally, devolves the duty of perceiving with the ear, judging with the intellectual and esthetic faculties, and enjoying with all these media plus the emotions; and this complicated activity is again in a high sense re-creative. It is because of this common element in the work of composer, performer, and listener that the work of music which one generation bequeaths to its successor is comparatively so small. We do not persist in creating what we do not like. Every composer is kept in court for daily judgment until the inevitable changes in taste, which follow the equally inevitable variations in perception, relegate him to oblivion or the closed pages of history. To Beethoven, music was not only a manifestation of the beautiful,—an art,—it was akin to religion. He felt himself to be a prophet, a seer. All religion, engendered by his unhappy relations with mankind, could not shake his devotion to this ideal development of an unlovely egotism which chose to itself in a disregard of recognized laws. It is scarcely worth while now to discuss to what extent the crisis of his time and a few decades after were right. There has been a marvelous change in the point of view. Other times, other manners. It is possible now—it was not possible then—to see that in Beethoven music accomplished one cycle of growth and started on another. Starting from simple expressions of feeling which at first were unvolitional, and therefore truthful but crude, it has passed through a period of mixed scientific and esthetic development which lifted it to the dignity of an art, and enabled it to give keen gratification to the ear and the faculty of taste. In the process of this development a portion of its mission had been forgotten, though there were at all times men who apprehended and strove to promote it. Beethoven was not only the embodiment of all that was before him, but also of that which was yet to come. In his works, music returned to its original purpose with its power raised a hundred-fold. It is possible—may, more, it is extremely likely,—that what seemed to him and the world the greatest evil was, in fact, the highest good. His deafness, while it changed his social instincts, left his moral nature unharmed.

If it drove him away from companionship with men, it drew him closer to nature; if it hushed the amiable sounds of the external world, it also shut out some of the perils and enabled him the better to hear the whisperings of his own soul. Many of his admirers have found comfort in this reflection without thinking how inevitable was the consequence to his art. I can only suggest a line of thought which may bring some of the results to the mind of the reader. Macaulay, in his demonstration that the poetry of young civilizations is the best poetry, says that the progress of refinement rarely supplies music, painting, sculpture, and poetry—the last least of all—with better objects of imitation.

THE ETUDE

At best, this is a hasty generalization. Music has as little association with the other arts in respect of its contents as it has in respect of its materials. It has in its best and true estate no object of imitation, and because of this, as well as for other reasons, it stands isolated from all the products of the human mind. On the one hand are the things which are projected, grasped, comprehended by the intellect; on the other, in awe-inspiring solitude, outside the domain of reason, and therefore beyond the reach, stands music, bodying forth "the pitiful memorials of the physical calamity which overtook the man and musician Beethoven, the ear-trumpets and pianoforte with whose help he strove so long and so hopelessly to remain in communion with the world of sound. The pianoforte was made for him by Graf of Vienna. Its peculiarity is that through the greater part of its compass it has four unisonal strings for each key. So long as he could be made to hear a tone Beethoven imposed upon this instrument. But under what distressful circumstances! Maelzel, the mechanician who invented and made the ear-trumpets for him, built a monster for the pianoforte. It was somewhat in the shape of those prompters' boxes which we see in the theaters in Germany, and was placed on the instrument so that it covered a portion of the sounding-board and projected over the keys. Seated before the pianoforte, his head all but inside the wooden shell, one of the ear-trumpets held in place by an encircling brass band, Beethoven would pound upon the keys till the strings jagged discordantly with the violence of the percussion as if shattered with shrieks as of mortal despair. Though the ear-trumpets had been useless for five years, they were kept in Beethoven's study until his death. Then they found their way into the Royal Library at Berlin, where they remained until Emperor William II presented them to the Museum. The smallest one was used by Beethoven oftenest and for the longest time. Maelzel made these instruments for Beethoven.

What shall be said at the end of the nineteenth century of him who was the musical glory of his beginning? The question can not be answered without a preliminary inquiry into the influence which deafness exerted upon his artistic character. Half a century ago the features of Beethoven's art which are now looked upon by many as evidences of progress, were considered mournful aberrations, due to the loss of the sense of euphony and the said to me surprised: "Why, your 'subject' played very nicely!" Having once acquired the art of scolding, I find its value enhanced by being kept in reserve for very special occasions.

It may be—we can not yet say—that he went too far, that he failed to recognize the limitations which he set upon the taste of his time, and the first decadence was possible. Many of the things which gave progress to the taste of his time, and the first decadence was possible. Many of the things which gave progress to the taste of his time, and the first decadence was possible. Many of the things which gave progress to the taste of his time, and the first decadence was possible.

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of things when and where they are not a seer, that is, in the prophetic sense, calling the things that are not as though they were; and forever delighting to dwell on that which is not laughably present."—From "Music and Manners in the Christian Period."

AN APPEAL TO THE MUSICIANS OF THE COUNTRY FOR THE MUSIC TEACHERS' NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

THE meeting of the Music Teachers' National Association held in New York City, June 23d to 27th, was surely unprecedented, not only in the history of this organization, but in the history of music in this country. It was an inspiration alike to the teacher and student.

The meeting was organized under great difficulties. One member after another of the committees elected in 1897 resigned, fearing the work and ultimate failure. Members who the year before had worked unceasingly now looked on sabbath. At last, committees were obtained who feared nothing and were willing to work.

No one can realize the tremendous effort of those gentlemen; a great debt had to be faced and much of it paid before this year's convention could be begun.

At first they were met alike by artist and financier, who had no faith in their enthusiasm and knew only of past history and failure; but with persistent effort they worked on, until, as earnestness always will, enthusiasm was kindled.

The Music Teachers' National Association has a future. The American musician has an Association, which he certainly should support. It is national, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Its possibilities are endless. Why should not music claim its enthusiastic thousands at a yearly convention as well as school and collegiate education?

Why should not the army of musicians in this country stand united, meeting at least once a year to disseminate ideas and clasp the hand of a brother musician?

No great enterprise can be made successful on sentiment; there must be financial support, even if it entails some sacrifice.

The following letter concerns every musician as well as former member, and we trust it will meet a hearty response throughout the country.

Will you kindly send me your dues (\$2.00) for membership in the M. T. N. A. for the present year? The convention held in New York, June 23d to 27th, is pronounced by all to have been the greatest ever held. The officers earnestly desire that you keep up your membership, thus showing your interest in this great work for the advancement of music in our country. They hope you will give this careful consideration.

By paying your dues now you enable your name in the Report, a copy of which you will receive as soon as published.

Send check or P. O. money order to my address.

Respectfully yours,
GEOFFREY C. GIVE
Pianist (College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.)

EPIGRAMS.

BY BERNARD K. BISHOP.

"INTELLIGENCE is not 'change of mental activity' is."
"Applied concentration makes a musician, an artist, a poet, a philosopher."
"Memory exercised is memory trained."
"Communication with nature is communion with God."
"A new word learned each day soon makes one master of any language."
"Patience is a virtue immaculate."
"Amplification and possession of a book differentiate greatly."
"Gentleness, a characteristic of the artist, is divinely conceived, and born of suffering."
"Love, passionate, philosophical, and divine, a trinity of which is not laughably present."—From "Music and Manners in the Christian Period."

Old Foggy Redivivus.



I may not be handsome but I have a kind face, have I not? So many letters were forwarded me by my editor asking for my autograph, photograph, and opinion of Mother Sniggle's Cough Syrup, that I decided to take the bull by the horns and publish my portrait at the head of these columns. You may observe—that is if you are a reader of the human countenance—that my features are more amiable than my pen but that my pen is mightier than my smile. This may sound vain but then vanity in an elderly person is pardonable; hence these prelings.

Where did I leave off? Oh, yes, at Clementi-Villa-on-the-Wissahickon. Well, I am still there and mean to stay until the snow drives me to that uncomfortable aggregation of villages, called a city. Have you read Thoreau's "Walden" with its smell of the woods and its ozone-permeated pages? I recommend the book to all pianists, especially to those pianists who hug the house, practising all day and laboring under the delusion that they are developing their individuality. Singular thing, this rage for culture nowadays, among musicians! They have been admonished so often in print and private that their ignorance is not blameworthy, indeed it is laudable, that these ambitious ladies and gentlemen rush off to the bookshelves, to libraries, and literally gorge themselves with the "ologies" and "isms" of the day. Lord, Lord, how I enjoy meeting them at a musicale! There they sit, cocked and primed for a verbal encounter, waiting to knock the literary chip off their neighbor's shoulder.

"Have you read?"—begins some one and the chattering begins, furiously. "Oh, Nietzsche? why of course,"—"Tolstoi's 'What is Art?' certainly, he ought to be electrocuted!"—"Nietzsche? isn't he terrible?" And the cacophonous conversational symphony rages, and when it is spent, the man who asked the question finishes:

"Have you read the notice of Rosenthal's playing in the 'Kölnische Zeitung?' and there is a battery of suspicious looks directed towards him whilst murmurs arise, 'What an uncultured man! To talk 'shop' like a regular musician!" The fact being that the man had read everything but was setting a trap for the vanity of these egotistical persons. The newspapers, the managers and the artists before the public are to blame for this callow, shallow attempt at culture. We read that Rosenthal is a second Heine in conversation. That he spills epigrams at his meals and dribbles proverbs at the piano. He has committed all of Heine to memory and in the greenroom reads Sanerit. Paderewski too, is profoundly something or other. Like Wagner he writes his own programmes—I mean plots for his operas. He is much given to reading Swinburne because some one once compared him to the mad, mad, sad, sad poet of England, begad! As for Saner, we hardly know where to begin. He writes blank verse tragedies and discusses Ibsen with his landlady. Pianists are now so intellectual that they forget to play the piano well.

Of course, Daddy Liszt began it all. He had read everything before he was twenty, and had embraced and renegaded from twenty religions. This volatile, versatile, vibrant, vivacious, vicious temperament of his has been copied by most modern pianists who haven't brains enough to parse a sentence or play a Bach invention. The Weimar crew all imitated Liszt's style in clothes and hair dressing. I was there once, a sunny day in May, the hedges white with flowers and the air full of hock-bier. Ah, thronging memories of youth! I was slowly walking through a sun-smitten lane when a man on horse dashed by me, his face red with excitement, his heart covered with lather. He kept shouting "Make room for the master; make way for the master!" and presently a venerable man with a purple nose—a Cynno de Cognac nose—came towards me. He wore a monkish habit and on his head was a huge shovel-shaped hat, the sort affected by Don Basilio in "The Barber of Seville."

"It must be Liszt or the devil!" I cried aloud and Liszt laughed, his warts growing purple, his whole expression being one of good-humor. He invited me to refreshment at the Czerny House, but I refused. During the time he stood talking to me a throng of young Liszts gathered about us. I call them "young Liszts" because they mimicked the old gentleman in an outrageous manner. They wore their hair on their shoulders, they sprinkled it with flour; they even went to such lengths as to paint purplish excrescences on their chins and brows. They wore semi-sacerdotal robes, they held their hands in the peculiar and affected style of Liszt, and they one and all wore shovel hats. When Liszt left me—we studied together with Czerny—they trooped after him, their garments ballooning in the breeze, and upon their silly faces was the devotion of a pet ape.

I mention this because I have never met a Liszt pupil since without recalling that day in Weimar. And when one plays I close my eyes and hear the frantic effort to copy Liszt's bad touch and supple, sliding, treacherous technique. Liszt, you may not know, had a wretched touch. The old boy was conscious of it, for he told William Mason once, "Do not copy my touch; it's spoiled." He had for so many years pounded and punched the keyboard that his tactile sensibility—his touch, that you now fangled expression—had vanished. His "orchestral" playing was one of those pretty fables invented by hypnotized pupils like Amy Fay, Ans der Ohe, and other enthusiastic but not very critical persons. I remember well that Liszt, who was first and foremost a melodramatic actor, had a habit of striding to the instrument, sitting down in a magnificent manner and uplifting his big fists as if to annihilate the ivories. He was a master hypnotist, and like John L. Sullivan he had his adversary—the audience—conquered before he struck a blow. His glance was terrific, his "nerve" enormous. What he did afterward did not much matter. He usually accomplished a hard day's threshing with those flail-like arms of his, and heavens how the poor piano objected to being taken for a barn-door!

Tonch! Why, Thalberg had the touch, a touch that Liszt secretly envied. In the famous Paris duel that followed the visit of the pair to Paris, Liszt was heard to a distinct disadvantage. He wrote articles about himself in the musical papers—a practice that his disciples have not failed to emulate—and in an article on Thalberg displayed his bad taste in abusing what he could not imitate. Oh yes, Liszt was a great thief. His piano music,—I mean his so-called original music,—is nothing but Chopin and water. His pyrotechnical effects are borrowed from Paganini and as soon as a new head popped up over the musical horizon, he helped himself to his hair. So in his piano music we find a conglomeration of other men's ideas, other men's figures. When he wrote for orchestra the hand is the hand of Liszt but the voice is that of Hector Berlioz. I never could quite see Liszt. He hung on to Chopin until the suspicious Pole got rid of him and then he strung after Wagner. I do not mean that Liszt was without merit but I do assert that he should have left the piano a piano and not tried to transform it to a miniature orchestra.

Let us consider some of his compositions. Liszt began with machine-made fantasies on faded Italian operas—not however faded in his time. He

devilled these as does the culinary artist the crab of commerce. He peppered and salted them and then giving for a background a real New Jersey thunderstorm, the concoction was served hot and smoking. Is it any wonder that as Mendelssohn relates, the Liszt audience always stood on the seats to watch him dance through the "Lucia" fantasies? Now every school girl jigs this fatuous stuff before she mounts her bicycle.

And the new critics, who never heard Thalberg, have the impertinence to flout him, to make merry at his fantasies. Just compare the "Don Juan" of Liszt and the "Don Juan" of Thalberg! See which is the more musical, the more pianistic. Liszt after running through the gamut of operatic extravagance began to paraphrase movements from Beethoven symphonies, bits of quartets, Wagner overtures and every nondescript thing he could lay his destructive hands on. How he maltreated the "Tannhäuser" overture we know from Josef Hofmann's recent brilliant but ineffectual playing of it. Wagner, being formless and all orchestral color, loses everything by being transferred to the piano. Then, sighing for fresh fields, the rapacious Magyar seized the tender melodies of Schubert, Schumann, Franz and Brahms and forced them to the block. Need I tell you that their heads were ruthlessly chopped and lacked? A special art-form like the song that needs the co-operation of poetry is robbed of one-half its value in a piano transcription. By this time Liszt had evolved a style of his own, a style of shreds and patches from the maimed of other men. His style, like Joseph's coat of many colors, appealed to pianists because of its factitious brilliancy. The cement of brilliancy Liszt always contrived to cover his most commonplace compositions with. He wrote études à la Chopin, clever I admit but for my taste his Opus One, which he afterwards dressed up into *Trois Études Transcendentes*—listen to the big, boastful title!—is better than the whole of his later collection. His three concert studies are Chopin-ish; his "Walderäuschen" is pretty but leads nowhere; his "Années des Pèlerines" sickly with sentimentalism; his Dante Sonata a horror; his B-minor Sonata a madman's tale signifying froth and fry; his legends, ballads, sonnets, Benedictions in out of the way places, all, all with choral attachments, are cheap, specious, artificial and insincere. Theatrical, Liszt was to a virtue and his continual worship of God in his music is for me monotonously blasphemous.

The Rhapsodies I reserve for the last. They are the nightmare curse of the pianist, with their rattle-tune harmonies, their helter-skelter melodies, their vulgarity and cheap bohemiaism. They all begin in the church and end in the tavern. There is a *fad* just now for eating ill-cooked food and drinking sour Hungarian wine to the accompaniment of a wretched gypsy crena called a Czardas. Liszt's rhapsodies irresistibly remind me of a cheap, tawdry, dirty *table d'hôte*, where evil-smelling dishes are put before you to be whisked away and replaced by evil-smelling messes. If Liszt be your god, why then, give me Czerny, or better still, a long walk in the woods, humming with nature's rhythms. I think I'll read "Walden" over again. Now do you think I am as amiable as I look? OLD FOOT.

THE following is a specimen of replies to a set of questions given at an examination in England:

- (1) Say what you know of Mozart and his works.
ANSWER.—Mozart was an infidel; and, though never married, he died poor. His big piece are the pianoforte works.
- (2) What was Beethoven's physical defect?
ANSWER.—Beethoven's physical defect was his temper.
- (3) State briefly the connection between Wagner and Liszt.

ANSWER.—Liszt used to lend money to Wagner, which the latter gentleman never paid back again. But Wagner eventually married Liszt's daughter,—this squared matters.—"Musical Opinion."

RUBINSTEIN, in one of his books, maintains that all the possible phases of musical forms have been exhausted, so that apparent plagiarisms are inevitable, and do not in any way reflect upon the unconscious plagiarist.

Nº 2626

BARCAROLLE VENITIENNE.

Revised and fingered by
E. A. Berg.

Albert Lavignac.

Tempo di Barcarola. M.M. 42. 60.

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Gondolier's call, claiming right of way

a premi!

sempre p molto dolce

sempre p

Già e

f tre corde

a stali!

f

cresc.

ff

sonore

Vivo ed gioioso.

dimin.

p perdendosi

dim. molto

pp una corda

ppp

Song of Spring. Chant du Printemps.

ADOLF HENSELT, born 1844 in Bavaria, but living in St. Petersburg, Russia, from 1838 till his death, 1889, was one of the greatest pianists the world has ever known. The most noteworthy feature of his playing, his touch, was of such wonderful velvety, singing, sympathetic quality, that the German poet Geibel likened it unto "magic fin-

gers rummaging in a heap of sounding spring blossoms." His compositions (of which this is quite a typical specimen), while not very deep, are exceeding tuneful and sweet, and suggest quite clearly a treatment with an ultra-refined touch, closely supervised by a keen, critical and sensitive ear.

Revised and fingered by
Constantin von Sternberg.

Adolf Henselt.

Lento. *rall.* *a tempo.* *cresc.* *rall..*

Allegretto.

a)

a) Great care should be taken that the release of the pedal should not cause any gaps in the flow of the melody, which the pedal has to stop, the fingers should endeavor to preserve the continuity as far as possible.
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f. A. *cres.* *rit.* *a tempo.* *perdendosi.*

Under the Lindens.

Tanz unter der Linde.

SECONDO.

Paul Hiller, Op. 48, No. 2.

Tempo di Valse.

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Under the Lindens.

Tanz unter der Linde.

PRIMO.

Paul Hiller, Op. 48, No. 2.

Tempo di Valse.

SECONDO.

Musical score for the SECONDO part, measures 1-12. The score is written for piano and includes dynamic markings such as *fa tempo*, *mf*, and *Fine*. It features various musical notations including notes, rests, and fingerings.

PRIMO.

Musical score for the PRIMO part, measures 1-12. The score is written for piano and includes dynamic markings such as *fa tempo*, *For Fine only*, *Fine*, *p*, *ff*, and *mf*. It features various musical notations including notes, rests, and fingerings.

Valse Arabesque.

Edited and fingered by
Maurits Leefson.

Theodore Lack.

Vivace.

First system of the musical score for 'Valse Arabesque'. It consists of two staves. The right hand (l.h.) plays a series of chords, while the left hand (r.h.) plays a melodic line. The tempo is marked 'Vivace'. Dynamics include *ff* (fortissimo) and *p* (piano). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4.

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Second system of the musical score. It continues the two-staff format. The right hand (l.h.) features more complex melodic passages with triplets and sixteenth notes. The left hand (r.h.) provides harmonic support with chords. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *p* (piano), *ff* (fortissimo), and *pp* (pianissimo). The tempo remains 'Vivace'. The key signature and time signature are consistent with the first system.

l.h.
l.h.
r.h.
pgrazioso.
volante.
mf
p
ff brillante.
ff

8.
p leggierissimo.
8.
molto espress.
ff
p
l.h.
r.h.
p
8.
grazioso.
ff
D.C.

TARANTELLA.

The Tarantella has obtained a peculiar interest from the idea that by means of dancing it a strange kind of insanity attributed as an effect of the bite of the tarantula, a poisonous spider, could be cured.

As a dance, it is executed by a man and a woman, or by two women alone, who frequently play castanets and tambourines. The time is very fast.

Paul Beaumont.

Presto. M.M. ♩ = 120 - 152.

The first system of the musical score for the Tarantella, measures 1-12. It is written for piano in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is Presto, with a metronome marking of 120-152. The score features a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff includes triplets and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with eighth notes. Dynamics include piano (p) and mezzo-forte (mf).

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The second system of the musical score for the Tarantella, measures 13-24. It continues the piece with various musical notations including triplets, sixteenth notes, and dynamic markings such as piano (p), mezzo-forte (mf), and crescendo (cresc.). The key signature remains one sharp (F#). The tempo is Presto. The score is written for piano with treble and bass staves.

2634. 3

p

p

p

p

ben legato

l.h.

Prestissimo.

ff

Reverie after the Ball.

Rêve après le Bal.

Revised and fingered
by E. A. Berg.

Scherzo.

Ed. Broustet.

Allegretto comodo.

p

Leggierissimo.

p staccato.

p

p

p

*Leggierissimo.**p* sotto voce.

THE LITTLE RED LARK.

(OLD IRISH MELODY.)

C. V. STANFORD.

Allegretto.

mf
Oh swan of slen-der-ness,
The dawn is dark to me,

p
Dove of ten-der-ness, Jew-el of joys, a - rise!..... The
Hark, oh hark to me, Pulse of my heart, I pray!..... And

pp
lit - tle red lark, Like a soar - ing spark Of song, to his sun - burst
out of thy hid - ing With blush - es glid - ing, Daz - zle me with thy

flies..... But till thou'rt ris - en, Earth is a pris - on
day..... Ah, then once more to thee Fly - ing, I'll pour to thee

full of my lone - some sighs;..... Then a - wake and dis - cov - er To
Pas - sion so sweet and gay,..... The lark shall lis - ten, And

thy fond lo-ver The morn of thy match - less eyes,.....
dew - drops glis - ten Laugh-ing on ev - ry spray.....

TO THEE. A TOI.

English version by W. J. B.

IDYLLE.

PAUL LEBRUN

Molto sostenuto.

tranquillo.
dolce. *pp*

tranquillo.

1. O thou, whom in secret I a-dore, To
 2. O thou, whose sweet smile dost in-spire me To
 3. O thou, dont le ri-re le-ger me To

p *p*

rit. *p* *calmato.*

whom my soul is ev-er cling-ing, "My dar-ling, on-ly let me love thee," My heart is
 toi, si douce et si-char-man-te, Mi-gnon-ne, lais-se-moi t'ai-mer, Voi-ci mon
 hope for a moment brief yet beam-ing, My dar-ling, of thy ten-der good-ness, My heart is
 fait l'es-pé-ran-ce si bré-ve, Mi-gnon-ne, lais-se-moi son-ger Voi-ci mon

p *f*

1st Verse. D.S. 2nd Verse.

ev-er, ev-er sing-ing.
 cœur, mon cœur qui chan-te.
 ev-er, ev-er dream-ing.
 cœur, mon cœur qui rê-ve.

dolce. *p* *p* *p*

3. 10

thou, whom I dare not hope to cher-ish, My soul to high-est joys a-wak-ing My
 toi, que je n'o-se ché-rir Mon seul a-mour, mon mal-a-sup-er-me Mi-

p *p*

rit. *p* *calmato.*

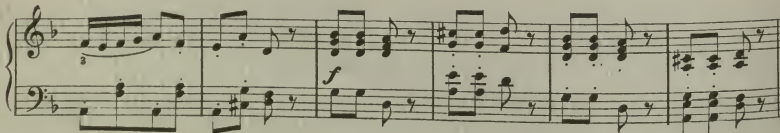
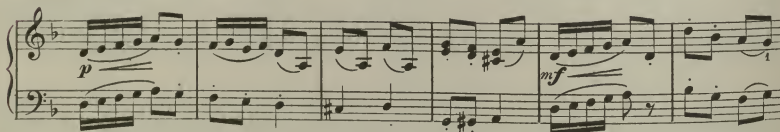
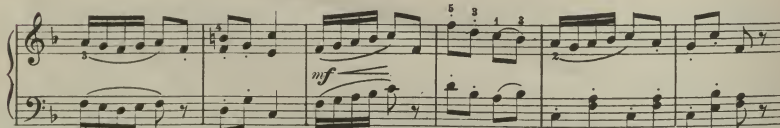
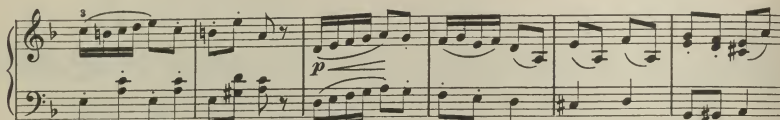
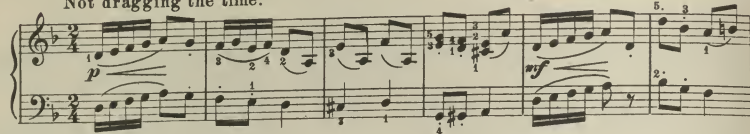
dar-ling, wilt thou smile up-on me? My heart with love, with love is break-ing.
 gnon-ne, lais-se moi souffrir - Voi-ci mon cœur, non cœur qui t'ai-me.

rit. *f*

KOBOLD.

H. Nürnberg, Op. 228, No. 10.

Not dragging the time.



Symposium.

IS THE TEACHING SEASON GROWING SHORTER?

THERE seems to be ground for the opinion advanced by a number of the correspondents of THE ETUDE and by teachers in different parts of the country that the season for musical study has been shortening of late years. In order to test the matter, THE ETUDE sent out letters to a number of teachers inviting replies to the following questions :

1. Have you noticed that the season of regular teaching is growing shorter year by year?
2. What causes do you assign for this condition?
3. What means would you suggest to change this condition for the better?

We print a number of replies that had been received at the time of going to press.

FROM J. S. VAN CLEVE.

I AM pleased to be honored with a place in your symposium. I trust that the following few remarks will be sufficiently concise :

1. Yes, I have observed such a tendency to shorten the didactic season for several years.
2. The causes I should assign are :
- (a) The universal all-including, all-penetrating, and tenaciously enduring sluggishness of the money currents.
- (b) The general change in American society toward complexity makes all things more sharply defined and specialized; while the thick throng of things which thrust themselves into our thoughts compels compression.

3. I do not know that lengthening the time would change the status of music-teaching for the better. I think it seems to me that well-defined periods of intense labor with equally well-defined periods of absolute rest are good. I would suggest that music teachers push their work with all possible vehemence during one part of the season and rest utterly during the other part. The American habit of jumbling things together and stringing them out is bad, whether it means continuing music lessons the year through or keeping a grocery open from 6 A. M. to 9 P. M. Better condense firmly and discriminate sharply as they do in London.

FROM W. W. GILCHRIST.

1. Yes ; the seasons do appear to be getting shorter.
2. The reasons appear to be (it being understood that by far the greater part of teaching is done among people of means, who study music as an accomplishment) :

First, the increase and gradual extension of summer travel. Second, increase of outdoor sports for both sexes. These affect both ends of the musical season and it would appear a difficult matter to prescribe remedy, inasmuch as the diseases (?) have certainly come to stay, and are in themselves good things.

The other class of students—those who are studying for the profession—are not, as a rule, people of means, and for that reason alone incline to short seasons. This is unfortunate, but does not seem susceptible to any immediate remedy that I know of.

3. To my mind, it seems that the only adequate remedy for any of the evil conditions under which we work is in the work itself. The matter has settled down to the question of competition between the desire for *travel*, of *door sport*, and *recreation* (in which social consideration figure very largely) and the desire for music. Now, the dissemination of the desire for music, in which women appear to reside our only hope, depends entirely upon us, and can only be furthered by good, enthusiastic loving work, in which the almighty dollar is not the prime and only consideration. Teach nothing but best music in the best way, and strive to develop in each pupil a genuine love for it; then, perhaps, we may gradually be able to compete more successfully with those desires which lead in other directions. Making higher love for, and deeper insight into, good music

THE ETUDE

more and more a necessity. In this alone will result any increase in its study.

This is a matter between each individual musician and his conscience—not a matter of advertising, legislation, or any arbitrary mechanical ordering.

FROM HAROLD RANDOLPH.

If the season of regular teaching is growing shorter year by year (of which, however, I am by no means certain), I imagine it must be due to the fact that the subject is becoming better understood and receives more scientific treatment; the outcome of this being to prove that better results may be obtained by concentrating work into the months during which it can receive the best attention of both teacher and pupil than by dragging it through the whole year, when for three or four months our climate renders steady, profitable work next to impossible.

As better results are being obtained year by year in all branches of education, I don't think we need concern ourselves very much as to this particular point.

FROM CHARLES R. ADAMS.

I HAVE noticed no change excepting as the teachers themselves shorten the season by leaving the city early and returning late. If the weather continues warm late in the fall, the season is also shortened, as people postpone beginning the winter's work and prefer to remain out of town.

FROM ARTHUR FOOTE.

In answer to your questions:

1. My experience has not been that the season of music teaching has perceptibly shortened. It varies naturally from year to year, however. I should count it as limits here as from the first week of October until possibly the second week of June.

2 and 3. I can not answer; for if the case is what to be inferred from your questions, it is probably a matter not to be controlled by the teachers themselves.

FROM E. M. BOWMAN

1. I HAVE heard it so stated, but my season is the same as it has been for years. The earlier and later weeks of each season show, perhaps, a greater proportion of professional pupils.

2. If the condition really exists, I would attribute it on the one hand, to the general increase in luxury and indolence apparent especially in large cities, and, on the other, to the increasingly rapid rate at which Americans are living, and the corresponding necessity for a longer period of relaxation.

3. That is a poser. If the above is the true reason for the suggested "condition," it is not likely that any of my antidotes would take effect. Music teachers might imitate the example of John Wanamaker and open a bargain counter. "This lot of June lessons \$2.49, worth \$5.00." "September sale of lessons \$1.99, marked down from \$3.00."

FROM DR. HENRY G. HANCHETT.

Is reply to your questions, it is a common one in our large cities, and I doubt not a just one, that the regular teaching season for musicians, outside of the regular schools, is constantly growing shorter. This is not only true of the teachers who minister to the eminently true of the teachers who minister to the needs of the wealthy classes of residents; somewhat less of those who are sought by students coming to the metropolis especially for culture. Teachers who are employed in literary schools are still less affected, but there is a tendency to shorten the term even of such who are located in the largest cities. The reason is not far to seek. One of the chief effects of the growth of wealth is to introduce the regular vacation, formerly luxury was to introduce the regular vacation, but much spent in travel and in residence at summer homes. The growth of the custom constantly tends to shorten the summer months more crowded and more promiscuous of fashion came more and more to prefer cities of their own; and once the fashion for that summer home became established, they soon found

the summer home was the pleasant place to live in the two-thirds of the year. The city had its advantages for the winter, for school and for business, but the home comfort and the delight of living, the country culture was vastly more desirable. Summer is not almost anywhere (of course, it seems more endurable where the climate is radiant, and trees and flowers, and the fresh green of the fields, and the birds, and the fresh trout all can afford it) to go farther and stay away longer from the city. Yet the city has its attractions, and the crowd comes in winter in a short season of concert, opera, and social excitement. There is no way in which such a state of affairs can be changed, it is a fact of the great price of the city, and the city must be a twin town. But we can adapt ourselves to the conditions, and as musicians and teachers we must give the problem serious study. If we can get the pupils to come to us, and to adjust to the arrangement, we must teach more hours and charge higher prices during the season. If this plan can be carried and study during the winter months can be made more interesting, and the winter business is brisk, then there are drawbacks. The profession is tolerably well filled, and many of our competitors are willing to teach at the same old rate, and, as a matter of fact, there seem to be fewer pupils than last year, each year is than the year before, rather than the other way around. Another plan is to take the pupils to the city, and to have the city pay for the winter, but again there are drawbacks. After a man has devoted himself to teaching for a number of years, it seems as if nobody could suggest a really good place for him to start in as a business man. Such a person is not prepared to build bridges, or try to make, or plan electric light plants, or engineering, or even to talk good sense to a large body of people, or even to talk good sense to a large body of people. To be sure, he might conceivably be a teacher and walk down the summer and give concerts during the spring and fall, but, anyway, ladies and gentlemen do not sell well in any season for any unknown individual, and concerts are so exacting in the matter of cost, and business, and advertising as to be a very large and long business. The only way to stay away from the city is to have the city pay for the winter. The teachers will follow his pupils and help them in their studies while they live in the country, but there is a drawback about that, too, for they are so apt to go in different directions and have their own country pupils. Besides, different nations is cheaper, people only expect to pay "country prices" for lessons in warm weather. Altogether, the problem is rather troublesome, and probably the best solution is to have the city pay for the winter, and live in the country and try to persuade others to extend an invitation to their homes covering the winter season. I wish I had more satisfactory material to write on this problem and its solution.

FROM H. W. GREENHILL

[illegible]

year. About one-third of the graduation class of '98 have returned to continue their studies, and the post-graduate department is larger than ever before.

Mr. FRANK BELLINGER, formerly of Philadelphia, has opened a school of music in Indianapolis, Ind.

Mr. MAURICE LEXARON spent the vacation season at his home in Amsterdam, Holland.

Mr. CHARLES FREDERIC STAYNER, of Salt Lake City, has published a very interesting little brochure on "The Underlying Principles of Pianoforte-touch."

We have received an advance program of the American Musical Club, Annapolis, Md. The leading classical, romantic, and modern composers are represented on the program.

TESTIMONIALS

I received the "Text-book for Choral Union Classes." If pupils would patiently practice and study the exercises, they would surely attain the goal at the end of the book. The moral and spiritual atmosphere throughout the book are of a very high order. J. CHALONER.

The "Choral Class-book" reached me to-day. I am delighted with it. It covers a great deal of ground, and the "Vocal Department" is just what is needed in class work.

I am pleased with Arthur Heaco's book on "Ear Training." Such books are an invaluable aid to progressive teachers in small places who are constantly in need of just such useful and interesting material for class work.

I have examined "Ear Training," by A. E. Heaco, and find it an excellent work. Have used it with my pupils, and obtained very satisfactory results.

I am greatly pleased with "Ear Training," by A. E. Heaco. I have long felt the need of such a course of study, and will gladly apply it. DELLA CLARKE.

I am delighted with the "Choral Class-book," by Lesson and McGranahan. Mrs. K. H. JOHNSON.

I received the work on "Ear Training." Every member of a church choir ought to study the chapters. This practice would be the most profitable. There is one good new feature in it, giving the syllable Ti to that important note in the minor mode. I hope this book will have a good sale. There is nothing like harmony to train the ear for correct sounds. J. CHALONER.

I was very much pleased with the "Choral Class-book." MYRON A. BICKFORD.

I have received Mr. Seaton's "How to Teach: How to Study" and am very well pleased with it. In my opinion, it is just what young teachers, especially, need. IVA McKEYSKOLIS.

I received "How to Teach: How to Study" by E. M. Seaton, and find it in many profitable hints and suggestions which are a help to both teacher and pupil. Some of my pupils borrowed my copy and think they were benefited by its perusal. J. MONROE HOBSON.

THE ETUDE seems to be improving, if that be possible, with every number. I could not be without it. Mrs. M. M. GLASS.

I am a subscriber to THE ETUDE and I do not see how I ever taught without it. I think no money value can be placed on the contents of THE ETUDE.

I have been a regular subscriber to THE ETUDE since its first publication, sixteen years ago, and have carefully kept every number from volume 1, No. 1, to the present date. I note with much pride and satisfaction its steady growth through all these years, and I not only consider it the best publication of its kind at the present time, but in my opinion THE ETUDE has done more toward elevating the standard of music in America than has any other one influence. P. C. TUCKER.

I am much pleased with the "Sight-Reading Album," and think it will be especially valuable if used according to the suggestions by Mr. Landon.

THE "Sight-Reading Album," I hope, is the first of a number of books graded like the course of studies now being used at present.

"First Dance Album" was duly received, and I am much pleased with the same; it is just the thing to interest the little ones. I hope to be able to order more copies of it later on.

I consider Landon's "Foundation Materials," the finest work for children beginning music that I have ever seen, and predict for it a hearty welcome from all music teachers.

I have no trouble in interesting them, the titles are so attractive and the explanations so clear. I have also had success with the little folks in using Presser's "School of Four Hand Playing."

I am not expressing the pleasure I find in teaching the little folks for "Foundation Materials," by Landon. I have no trouble in interesting them, the titles are so attractive and the explanations so clear. I have also had success with the little folks in using Presser's "School of Four Hand Playing."

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I am convinced that the "Sight-Reading Album" is the best collection of easy music in print. The selections it contains will aid the pupil in forming a correct taste in music. Your publications are just what you represent them to be; there is no risk in subscribing in advance.

We received the "First Dance Album," and think it is very good for first- and second-grade pieces.

We are only too pleased to recommend your works, especially the "Dance Album," and the "Third- and Fourth-grade Pieces," which are all a teacher can wish, and fill a long-felt want in these grades.

The package of "on sale" music has been received, and I find the selections satisfactory in every way. The "Graded Exercises" is just what I wanted, and think I will be able to use the entire collection. The vocal and piano pieces are also satisfactory.

I am very much pleased with the "Duet Hour," which I find fills a long-felt need in sight-diet reading for beginners.

No better collection of four-hand pieces has ever before been published than the "Duet Hour." The compositions contained in this work are all of a good standard and of a moderate degree of difficulty. Every one is melodious and very thoroughly arranged. Some of our best teachers recognize the value of duet-playing with their pupils, and devote to this branch five or ten minutes of each lesson.

Thank you for sending on examination S. B. Mathews' excellent book, "The Masters and Their Music." Once examined, it readily obtains a niche in the library of every earnest music student. It is replete with best suggestions and most helpful instruction.

The copy of "Masters and Their Music" is received. Careful reading shows it to be a very valuable book for the student in music. It must necessarily aid in the development of the literary side of the musical student, and aid him to acquire quickly an appreciation of the typical works of the masters that otherwise would come only as the result of long study and investigation.

I am more than pleased with "Standard English Songs." N. HARMONIC.

The "Clarke's Harmony" came to hand some time since, and I have been prevented from writing to you an expression of my appreciation of the work. Those of us who are engaged in the teaching of harmony certainly owe Dr. Clarke a debt of gratitude for the concise clearness of his work, which he himself calls "a simple practical method." The definitions are especially lucid and comprehensive. Great credit is also due to the publisher for securing this work and giving to the public a volume of almost perfect workmanship.

Thank you very much for the courtesy you have shown me. I will take a great pleasure in always buying from you and recommending you.

I have been highly pleased with your house in every respect, and will continue my patronage during the coming year.

The music was satisfactory, and for your promptness and care in filling my order accept my thanks.

I received the piano duets and my pupil was so pleased with the selection that she could not make up her mind to retain just one piece, as was her intention, keeping all but one.

I have disposed of all my "on sale" music, and wish to state that I was very much pleased with the collection you sent me.

I am much pleased with Landon's "Foundation Materials," and shall find it useful in teaching. The very first exercises to be sung and played before the notes are learned are excellent for young children, as I know by experience, and this is the first book in which I have seen them.

I can not express the pleasure I find in teaching the little folks for "Foundation Materials," by Landon. I have no trouble in interesting them, the titles are so attractive and the explanations so clear. I have also had success with the little folks in using Presser's "School of Four Hand Playing."

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SPECIAL NOTICES

Notices for this column inserted at 5 cents a word for one insertion, payable in advance. Copy must be received by the 20th of the previous month to insure publication in the next number.

ROBERT GOLDBECK, PIANIST, COMPOSER, AND Teacher, invites correspondence concerning lessons. Also write for particulars of new "Dictionary of Music," Studio 627, Fine Arts Building, 203 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—A SECOND-HAND VIRGIL CLAVIER, 7½ octaves compass, in good condition. Write, stating price, time used, etc. G. care THE ETUDE.

WANTED—VIRGIL PRACTICE CLAVIER, must be in good condition and cheap. Address, Benjamin Isaac, 327 Fifth Street, Louisville, Ky.

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3543. Scholtz, H. Album Leaf. Grade IV. 20

3544. Eyer, Frank L. Op. 18. Valse Caprice. Grade III. 50

3545. Scholtz, H. Album Leaf. Grade IV. 20

3546. Eyer, Frank L. Op. 18. Valse Caprice. Grade III. 50

3547. Scholtz, H. Album Leaf. Grade IV. 20

3548. Eyer, Frank L. Op. 18. Valse Caprice. Grade III. 50

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3550. Eyer, Frank L. Op. 18. Valse Caprice. Grade III. 50

Holiday Number

The Etude

With Supplement

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